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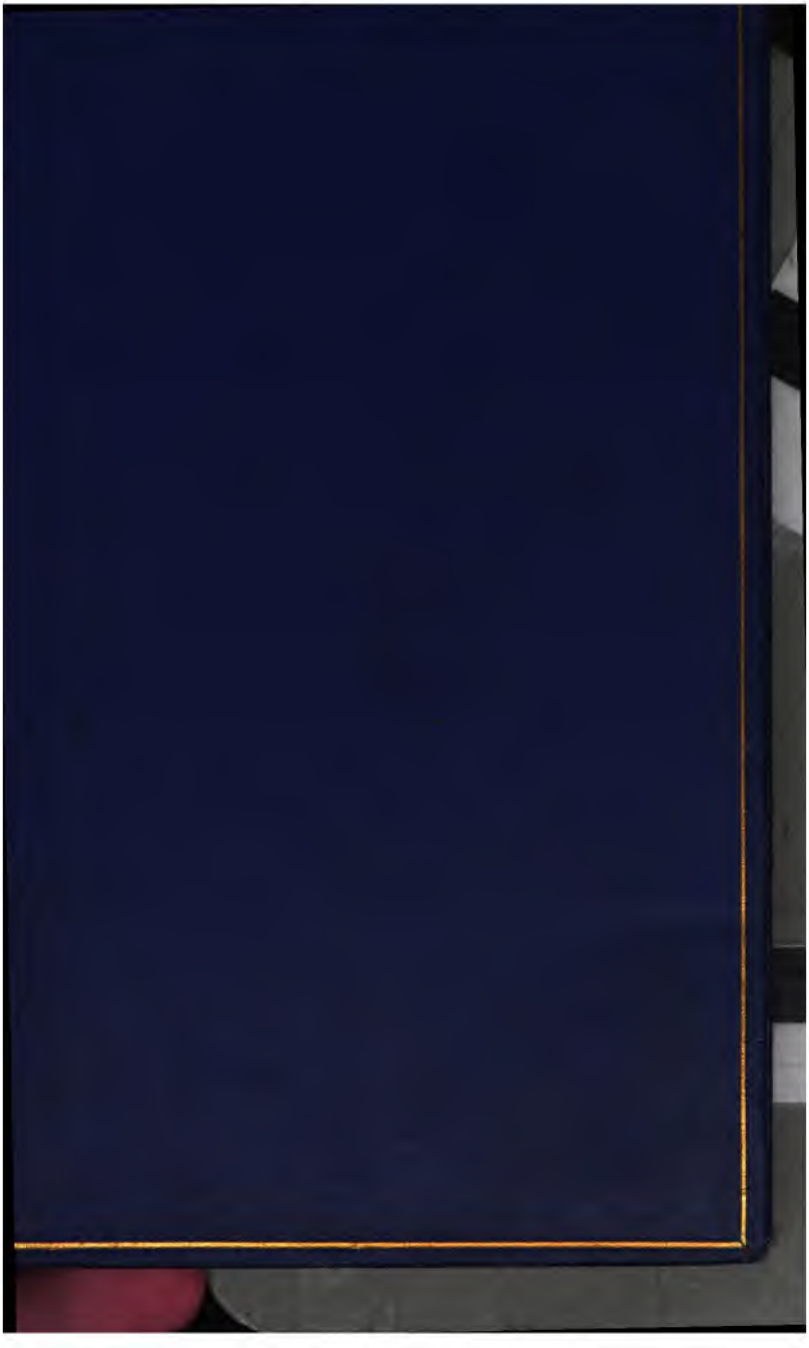

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It's a sad thing
when a man is to be so soon forgotten
And the shining in his soul
gone from the earth
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing
when a man shall die
And forget love
which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing
that a man shall forget love
And he not dead but walking in the field
of a May morning
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

—R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of Stanford Writing*, 1931

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THE MINSTER

WITH SOME COMMON FLOWERS PICKED

IN THE CLOSE

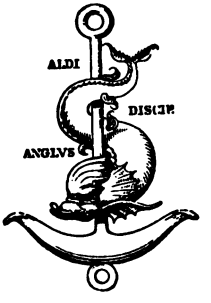
THE MINSTER

WITH SOME COMMON FLOWERS

PICKED IN THE

CLOSE

BY RICHARD TROTT FISHER



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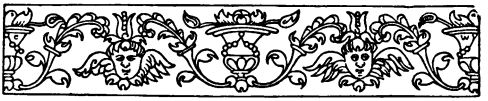

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THE MINSTER.

THE MINSTER.

DOWN amid the dreary marish, high
and dry above the fen,
Stands a venerable temple, rear'd
by hands of former men:
There, in pride of station, frowning at the petty
roofs below,
" Stand apart," it seems to say, " for I am holier
than thou."
Many a tale is told in Ely, handed down from sire
to son,
How it rose from small beginning, and from age to
age grew on.
First a simple court and courtyard shelter'd from
the wind and rain,
Whither flock'd the men of Marshland tidings of
great joy to gain.

There upon a vantage station raised with layers of native sod,
Robed in grave and modest habit stood the humble man of God:
" Come to me, all ye that travail, I can show you rest," he cried:
" Come, thou poor and broken-hearted, I can soothe thy aching side."
Then the wretched folk of Marshland, young and old, came thronging round,
And their savage natures melted at the gospel's gentle sound.
Far and near the Name of Jesus, like a spirit-charm, was heard:
O'er the weald, like dew at even, spread that comfortable word.
E'en the rich, who need no comfort, came to pass an idle day;
But they stood aghast at hearing no good word for such as they.
Still they came—yet not believing: how could riches hurt a man?
Source of all that's good and pleasant, antidote of grief and pain!
Still they came and still they cavill'd:—till their cavils feebler wax'd;
And in some the true light enter'd, and their stony hearts relax'd.

Yet they loved their hoarded silver, yet they
hugged their darling gold:
Could they cast this off for ever? could they leave
it to the wold?
No: it were a sin to waste it; let us give it to the
poor:
That would be a sore temptation; they would be
as we before.
Let us give it to the preacher, he will lend it to
the Lord;
We shall earn the meed of blessing promised by
his holy word.
Oh, the Tempter! thus he wins them both by aid
of baneful pelf—
This, to build on false foundation; that, to mag-
nify himself.
So their money-bags they brought, and laid them
at the preacher's feet:
Sin-suborning money! could it be for him an offer-
ing meet?
First he builds a modest table decently approach'd
with aisles:
But was e'er man, born of woman, proof against
the tempter's wiles?
Who e'er said of gold and silver—Give me but my
proper share;
Keep thine own, and use the talent which is
trusted to thy care?

So when gift on gift came pouring, this once
humble man of God
Swell'd with pride, and seem'd to spurn the holy
ground whereon he trod.

Now it soon abroad was bruited how this man
of God did thrive,
And a buzz of gratulation rose within the Roman
hive.
In the wild where falls the body there the eagles
gather round:
So the churchmen swarm'd to Marshland where
such pleasant things were found.
Papal bulls and letters missive claim'd the gold for
treasure-trove:
Bishops, deans, and prebendaries hurried to the
work of love.
Piles on piles of Gothic structure now were raised
above the fen;
Palaces and goodly houses as beseem such holy
men.
Domes and columns, spires and arches, topp'd and
tagg'd with figures quaint,
Squinting down from props and niches, here a devil,
there a saint.
Yet the work was vast and earnest; 'twas a gor-
geous pile of stone,

Still increasing, like a tyrant, all-commanding and alone.
Praise to those bold-thinking Northmen, who conceived such form and grace,
While the master-types of Athens held as yet their honour'd place!
See yon time-defiant arches! strength and beauty there are blent;
Married in mysterious fashion, each with other all content!
Strength stands forth as Beauty's consort. Beauty, like a modest bride,
Fain would hide herself, while fondly clinging to his rigid side.

Now the mitred Lord of Ely, surging on the tide of power,
Nightly feasts within his palace, rides abroad at midday hour:
No more now a humble preacher calling to the poor and faint;
Robed in lawn and gilded vestments see the self-bedizen'd saint!
Now in high-day pomp behold him swelling foremost in the choir;
Or he heads a troop of horsemen follow'd by his knight and squire.

Vicar of the lowly Jesus, who was smit nor smote again,
In his turn he rears a gibbet, and uplifts his fellow man! *

Still within the Church's bosom, hidden from the gaze of day,
Many a plain and earnest student mark'd aright the heavenward way.
Wherefore all this costly doing? Whence these proud and mystic rites?
Let us drink the fountain spring, and gaze upon the light of lights.
Then went forth a searching spirit, sworn to simple faith and truth,
Casting off the dross of custom, what is writ to read in sooth.
Line by line the sacred record did they scan by day, by night,
Single-purposed, humbly craving grace to understand aright.
So they found the pure bright jewel: and that none might lose it more,
Far and wide they cried the foundling, up and down from door to door.

* The Bishop of Ely retained this executive function far into the present century.

Now a king there reign'd in England who
affected truth to love;
But he loved his earthly power better than the
power above:
So he seized the gospel-warrant to disclaim the
churchman's wealth,
While he used his own to grasp it for himself, by
force or stealth.
But the Bishops they were wily, and the Bishops
they were strong:
Should they stand, like lambs for slaughter, with
the unresisting throng?
They might lend a holy hand to pull the weaker
brethren down,
With whose lands to feed the tyrant—for them-
selves to save their own.
Then the King, the Lords, the Bishops fell to-
gether on their prey;
Equally, as men of honour, did they share and
share that day.
Chauntries, abbeys, monasteries fell alike and
join'd the dead:
Still as erst the proud Cathedral held aloft its
hallow'd head:
Still the palace-feasted Bishop doled his fragments
to the poor,
While the outcast monks and friars begg'd their
bread from door to door.

But there near'd a day of vengeance: in a village-school hard by
There was bred a bitter Spirit who cast here his evil eye.
Time flow'd on, and vengeance waited: when she could no longer wait,
Every fenman rose in anger on the Church to wreak his hate.
That sad Spirit ruled the tempest! God upraises such as he,
When He visits man, to warn him of the things that should not be.
What befel this wretched nation it were sad and long to tell,
While the self-elect of Heaven revell'd in the work of Hell.
All enough to tell of Ely, how the sour-faced Puritan
Stalking through God's hallow'd places, spoil'd the handiwork of man.
How the sanctimonious trooper stall'd his horses in the aisle,
How the saint-accustom'd cloister was abused to purpose vile:
Soul of Solomon! thy glory was despoil'd by heathen hand:
Christian spoil'd the Christian temples; such a curse was on the land!

Wisdom slept, while canting frenzy thus bestrode
the ranks of men:
Till awaken'd, like a drunkard sick and pale she
rose again:
Rose—but in a sloven's habit, soil'd and spotted
as she lay:
Sad to think—how even Wisdom falters in an evil
day!
True—once more a lawn-sleeved Bishop paced in
form to daily prayer:
True—a dean and prebendaries, canons, choristers
met there:
But no pride of holy places did the batter'd walls
re-deck:
Vulgar paint and dismal plaster sadden'd still the
glorious wreck.
Still disgraced, deform'd, dismantled, two long
hundred years it stood:
E'en as if a thing of beauty might offend the God
of good!

But a spirit then came over: such as on the
threshing floor
Of the Jebusite o'er David, as is written, came of
yore:
And the word went forth to summon cunning men
as those of old,

Skill'd to work in brass and iron, and in silver and
in gold;
And to grave in stone and timber, and to weave
fine linen too,
Not without device of purple, and of scarlet and
of blue.

* * * * *

Now within the perfect temple let me stand
awhile and gaze:
Haply there with myriad voices I may join my
feeble praise.
How the walls and windows dazzle! how the roof
is spangled bright!
How the burnish'd columns glisten, shot with
many-colour'd light!
But the light of life—where is it? is it blue, or is
it green?
Is it gold, or is it scarlet? tell me where it may be
seen.
Tush—that is a mystic water, percolating to the
heart:
Would'st thou see what has no colour, nor no
outward form of art?
But the fountain whence it welleth—should it not
be hereabout?
Has it here no visible issue, whence the clean
spring gushes out?

Here's a dean and here's a canon : here are white-
robed men and boys :
And decorous prebendaries lending a complacent
voice.
But the well of life—where is it?—He that
thirsteth asks not where :
He can suck the living water from the circum-
ambient air.
Such a spirit-eye within him, in the choir and in
the nave
He can see the way that leadeth to his home
beyond the grave.
What to thee is dull and drowsy is to him all fresh
and bright ;
Heeding not these mimic colours as he strains
towards the light.
What, and if our mortal organ breathes a cold and
measured tone,
He can glow with heavenly rapture, and a music
all his own.

But the seats, alas ! are empty : he that thirsteth
is not there :
Save perchance some curious stranger thirsting or
to see or hear.
God forgive the fond intruder : give him spirit
from above,

So to judge the ways of others that he miss not
truth and love.
O ye servants of the temple, it is good to see, and
fair—
Pictured glass and polish'd columns, screens inlaid
with jewels rare;
Fretted roofs, enamell'd panels, history-engraven
doors,
Gold with red and purple blended, nicely
tesselated floors:
Where should earth's fine treasures sparkle, if not
in God's holy place?
God, the Lord of art and nature, looks upon your
works with grace:
But beware: the fruit that glitters, it perchance
may sweetness lack:
This is but the husk ye offer, while ye keep the
kernel back:
Who are ye to build a mansion worthy of the God
of Heaven;
Save alone to offer incense burning ever, morn
and even?
Out into the streets and byways, fetch the poor,
the blind, the lame:
Chafe their hearts with gospel tidings, till they
burst into a flame.
This is the sweet-smelling savour that should fill
your aisles and nave,

Where the choir now vexing silence seems to
violate the grave.

Hark! a little voice—I hear it; as a thing of
foreign birth;
Or a thread of light in darkness; or a word of
truth on earth!
Perch'd upon the empty benches, vying with the
choral strain,
Right beneath the dome a redbreast sings with all
his might and main.*
Can it be he is a prophet, angel-type of things to
come,
How heart-offerings from a thousand mouths shall
mount into that dome?
Thou then too hast heard the promise—*Ask, and
so it shall be given:*
Knock, and so it shall be opened! thou then know'st
the gate of Heaven.
Knock and ask then, pretty Robin: surely thou
shalt blameless be:
He that said—It shall be open'd, He can open
e'en to thee.

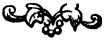
---

* A real incident.

MY GEM.

A GEM of crystal hung upon my neck :
And every day that I did look at it,
Meseem'd the earth with brighter hues was lit :
It was so pure, without a stain or speck !
I thought it was my own : and so, to please
My fancy, had it set in filigree
Of purest gold, enamell'd curiously :
Then full of joy and love I gazed at ease.
Now the King's messenger came riding past,
And saw my gem reflecting Heaven's ray :
And I was proud, that such as he should cast
An eye upon my treasure. But next day
Came a stern order to give up the gem :
The King would wear it in his diadem.

COMMON FLOWERS PICKED IN THE CLOSE.



GOD THE KING, THE WISE, THE GOOD.

ERE the moving worlds were made,
On his universal throne
God the King, the Wise, the Good,
Rested in his power alone.

God the Wise—for still with Him
Everlasting Wisdom throve:
God the Good—for still in Him
Well'd the spring of living Love.

Now his mighty Word went forth,
Bidding all things to be made:
Wide in space was open'd Heaven,
World on world in order laid.

And our earth was peopled fair:
Man the last—but foremost shone:
And together all things there
Work'd for good, save he alone:

Free to work his proper will;
He alone of all things made:
Cognisant of good and ill,
Conscious God should be obey'd.

But he fed his selfish mood;
Baser than the basest creature!
Till at last the God of good
Sent to save his fallen nature.

Wisdom came and lived in man
With a message from above:
Let him listen, for he can;
Let him drink the stream of love.

Heaven's gate is open'd so,
If he knock in humble mood:
What is Heaven?—It is to know
God the King—the Wise—the Good.

THE SON OF MAN.

GOD, thy name is excellent,
As all thy works do shew:
So glorious throughout the earth,
And in the heavens too!

But when I do thy heavens survey,
Thy earth with all its trim,
Amazed—then what is man, I say,
That Thou regardest him?

To make him lord of all things here
That thy good creatures be,
The beasts of earth—the birds of air—
The fishes of the sea!

O what is man, and the son of man,
That Thou regard'st him so?
—In thine own image madest Thou him,
And gavest thy ways to know:

And of him to be born a Son
  Fulfill'd with heavenly grace,
A Captain, who should lead his own
  To see Thee face to face.

For as the man of nature sprang
  From Adam, from his son
The man of spirit springs by grace,
  To live in Christ as one.

From man then and the son of man
  Whom Thou dost honour so,
All glory be to Thee on earth
  And in the heavens too.

THE LAST ADAM.

MIGHTY Father! Lord of all thy creatures!
Who hast fashion'd man, and placed him here:
Though too far away to mark thy features,
Yet he marks enough to feel Thee near.

All around him works in such fine order!
Such a wonderful array of things!
Each one moves within its proper border:
Each one something for his comfort brings.

Day and night lead on the pleasant hours:
Changing seasons close the constant year:
Wholesome fruits and ever-varied flowers
Seem from Thee a gift for him to bear.

All Thy creatures do their daily duty,
Quick with spirit to obey thy will:
All save he,—who sees and owns their beauty:
He from thy right way is swerving still.

He alone can work his proper pleasure,
Made by Thee to think and feel and will:
He alone transcends his destined measure,
Sporting in forbidden fields of ill.

Better surely to be born in blindness,
Than to see the right and do the wrong:
Better to have miss'd thy greater kindness,
Than be lost, alone of all the throng.

But beyond that spirit-boon of nature,
Filling him with higher soul of sense,
A creative spirit on the creature
Waits, to mould him to pre-eminence.

This shall steer him past the shoals of evil:
This shall purge him from the dross of earth:
This shall help him to fore-ward the devil:
This shall quicken him to heavenly birth.

LOVE TOWARDS GOD.

WHILE the schools were all distraught
Wisdom thousandwise to prove,
Jesus came, and simply taught—
What is wisdom but to love?

God is love: for He hath made
All things lovely, all things bright;
Brute and dark until He said—
"Be there beauty, be there light."

He it was, who o'er this earth
Breathed his Spirit from above:
He, who gave all creatures birth;
He, in whom they live and move.

He it was, who made us all:
His we were and his we are;
So to Him we daily call—
Abba, Father, hear our prayer.

Him to love, then, let us strive:
This is reason, this is right:
Him to love, then, let us give
All our heart and mind and might.

LOVE TOWARDS MAN.

ABBA, Father ! while we call,
Hoping He will hear our prayer,
Think—men are God's children all,
He our Father—our and their.

If, then, all his children be,
Brethren are we each to other :
Will He love us then, if we
Love not every one his brother.

Heavenly love is like the rain
Softly dropping upon earth ;
Fertilizing all the plain,
Till it buds and blossoms forth.

Weeds, as flowers, drink in the boon ;
Some abundant, others scant :
But the abundance is pass'd on
Presently to such as want.

Shall we then, more vile than weeds,
  Our abundance still withhold?
Shall we, when a brother needs,
  Sell our Father's love for gold?

Gold! it may be precious here;
  But the coin of Heaven is love:
Change in time, O traveller,
  Ere thou partest for above.

"GOD HATH SPOKEN."

GOD, the mighty Lord, hath spoken;
Let the world give ear:—
I, the God of Heaven, am thy God:
All my people, fear.

Fear not for thy sacrifices,
Seldom though they be:
Blood of bulls and goats I want not,
What are these to me?

I, the Lord of all the cattle
On a thousand hills;
I, who feed the lakes and rivers
From my myriad rills:—

Think'st thou, should I thirst or hunger,
I would ask of thee?
I, who made the heavens and earth,
And all that in them be!

Offer unto me thanksgiving
From a heart sincere:
Praise and prayer in time of trouble
I will surely hear.

More than this thou need'st not offer,
Be it pure and true;
So my Spirit shall be with thee
All my will to do.

HOPE IN REASON.

I FEEL I am: but whence I came,
Or whither go, I cannot see:
I only know that here I am,
And that my hope is still to be.

And yet that hope it is so strong,
So dovetail'd with my present being,
That certain senses work in vain
To darken its uncertain seeing.

An offset from the great I AM,
Shall I, intent to grow as He,
Conclude the purpose of my being
By growing into—not to be?

But what if that great Power, which made
Thee as thou art, hath will'd it so?
He made and can unmake as well;
And who art thou to bid Him no?

His creature, too, the living flower,
That paints the light and scents the day,
Reflects its Maker for an hour,
Then fades, and drops into decay.

The flower! albeit a thing of life,
More sweet than I, more heavenly fair,
Shall it, earthbound, without a sense,
Slave of my hand, with me compare?

Mark then:—yon bird, that heavenward soars
To greet its Maker in the skies,
Looks down on thee parading still
On earth's dull flat: yet he too dies.

Yon nimble dog, thy surest friend,
Who hunts obedient to thy will,
Took his keen sense from God, as thou;
Yet death his heart and sense shall chill.

Their deaths are register'd, 'tis true;
So shall be thine, why wouldst thou more?
They seem as worthy here as thou:
Thou canst not hunt, thou canst not soar.

Far be from me to clip their merit,
Yet would I vindicate my own;
I see the world that I inherit
Most throng'd, when I am most alone.

While here I plod so unendow'd,
  Than bird and beast more caged and bound,
I can break forth, unseen, unheard,
  And make all space my hunting-ground.

I soar into the realms of light,
  I commune with the all-seeing One,
I call him Father, feel his love,
  And know I am indeed his son.

I think on what of his I see,
  I learn to gather unseen lore,
A little knowledge of his ways,
  That proves me capable of more.

I feel my spirit inly good,
  Though fallen on an evil birth;
A crystal in its native bed,
  That fain would sparkle through the earth.

Then, why this striving to be good,
  This yearning to be wise and free?
To perish like a log of wood?
  It cannot be—it cannot be.

HOPE IN FAITH.

WHEN the head bows down in death,
And the chest refuses breath,
And the body stiffeneth,
Where is the soul?

Clings it to its ancient home?
Hides it in some hallow'd dome?
Flits it off in space to roam,
Spurning controul?

Free to move, to think, to feel,
Full of hope, and love, and zeal,
Yearns it for its proper weal,
How to be blest?

Or it sleeps long years away,
Till the common judgment day,
All unconscious of delay,
Biding in rest?

O that it might pass outright
To the realms of heavenly light!
Would I dare then with the bright
Angels to cope?

Yea, whatever be my fate;
Whether early, whether late
Heriting the promised state,
God is my hope.

THE SOWER.

MARK! the sower trusts the God of nature,
While he casts his good seed in the earth;
Then in hope he watches the new creature
Bursting from the soil to perfect birth.

Canst thou doubt but that same God of Spirit
In thy soul will quicken ghostly seed?
Sow it good; so shalt thou good inherit,
Reaping Heaven's golden harvest-meed.

BREAD.

FATHER! when thy children call,
'Give, we pray Thee, bread to all.
Be we rich or be we poor,
Feed us daily from thy store.

Hoard we not to-morrow's food;
Thou each day art rich and good;
Lest sufficient for the day
Tempt us not to watch and pray.

Should the body's bread be weak,
When our foes their vengeance wreak,
Lest we faint in mortal strife,
Feed us with the bread of life.

Father! from thy holy place
Feed us with thy heavenly grace;
So to live and grow in Thee
Now and to eternity.

CHRISTMAS.

ORN in Bethlehem to-day,
While the world was all astray,
Came the Truth, the Light, the Way!
Halleluiah!

Born to raise the race of man,
After God's eternal plan,
Promised since the world began.
Halleluiah!

Born in flesh, the living Word,
God with us, the Christ, the Lord,
All to save, for all had err'd.
Halleluiah!

Hope of Israel of old,
Seed of Abraham foretold,
Type of man's eternal mould.
Halleluiah!

Sent a Prophet to His own,
King to sit on David's throne,
Prince and Governor foreshewn.
Halleluiah!

"How can this be He?" they said,
"See him, in a manger laid!
"Outcast in a wayside shed!"
Halleluiah!

Still there were a chosen few,
Simple shepherds, good and true,
Who the signs of Heaven knew.
Halleluiah!

Others, wise men from afar,
Recognized the dawning star,
That should death and darkness mar.
Halleluiah!

They, by wisdom's spirit led,
Costly gifts of this world spread
On the infant's lowly bed.
Halleluiah!

Thou art He for whom we wait,
God, who is supremely great,
Makes no mark of man's estate.
Halleluiah!

What to Thee the rich man's store?
Passing by the gilded door,
Thou hast found the homeless poor.
Halleluiah!

Wherefore learning? wherefore wealth?
Mock'd by folly, lost by stealth;
Give instead thy saving health.
Halleluiah!

Welcome shall thy gospel be,
Till the earth is full of Thee,
As the waters fill the sea.
Halleluiah!

THE TEMPTATION.

UP from Jordan Jesus went,
Full of spirit, full of power;
Sorely tempted to prevent
God's decree—before the hour.

Why as man to fast and faint?
Why to grope unseen in night?
Why in weakness bow'd and want?
Lord of riches! Lord of light!

Son of man—but King of earth!
He could turn the stones to bread;
Why should man then live in dearth?
—"Life without God's word is dead."

Lord of knowledge! why should man
Vainly still for learning plod?
He could open all God's plan:
—"Tempt not—tamper not with God."

Lord of power! up, and fight,
Smite the nations to the bone:
All the world would worship might:
—" Man must worship God alone."

For the law was in his heart,
Bent to do his Father's will;
Patient of his own hard part,
Man's deliverance to fulfil.

Then from worldly lusts secure
For a while He wander'd free;
And with gentle thoughts and pure
Back return'd to Galilee.

A WRECK REFITTED.

AS a broken ship at sea,
Mastless and rudderless,
Impotently drifts to lee;
So in his wickedness
Fallen man was wreck'd and tost,
Child of lust, in error lost.

Hark! a Captain's voice is heard:
Firmly they grapple her,
Tow her in, and at his word
Fit her all new and fair;
Then she rides the stormy sea,
Sure of purpose, safe and free.

So the Captain of man's race
Stinted our loose career,
Fitting us with truth and grace
His holy word to hear;
In the noisy world to move,
Firm in faith, and hope, and love.

THE OLD AND NEW MAN.

CHILD of Adam, flesh and blood,
Stranger yet to heavenly good,
Man was wandering in a wood.

While he groped towards the day,
All in darkness, all astray,
Jesus came—the Light, the Way.

Jesus, born of flesh and blood,
But with Godhead full endued,
Very man and very God.

As a man, he lived in pain;
But, by man unjustly slain,
As a God he rose again.

Then in glory went on high;
Where he bides eternally,
Master of our destiny.

Firstborn of another race,
Bred of man and heavenly grace,
Fitted for a higher place.

Once, as we, a man indeed,
He can now our weakness read;
So, to comfort us in need,

Sheds His Spirit from above,
Gently gliding like a dove
To the body of his love.

Let us then invite the boon,
Let us woo the Spirit down,
Our new nature to put on.

While we pass the shades of night,
He will help our failing sight,
He will guide us into light.

THE NEW TEACHER.

OD of power! God of love!
Lord of all the worlds that be,
All around—beneath—above!
What am I, to think on Thee!

All that learning ever taught,
Schoolman's toil and sophist's art,
All that wisdom ever thought,
Fix'd not what or where Thou art.

Feeling still to find thy measure,
Conscious that Thou must be there:
As a man who has a treasure
Hidden,—but he knows not where.

Yet Thou wast not far away:
Present in the rain and wind,
Present in the night and day:
But the learned eye was blind.

Hence, ye learned ! hence, ye wise !
  Come, the simple and the true :
They shall read with untaught eyes
  What philosopher ne'er knew.

God is spirit; God is love;
  Seen by none of earthy breed :
Who in mercy from above
  Sent his Word, which all may read.

Happy they who hear that Word :
  Such a boon, if they believe,
Eye ne'er saw, nor ear e'er heard;
  Nor can heart of man conceive !

Cheer thee, then, O Misery;
  Sorrow is the seed of joy :
Lowliness shall mount on high :
  Riches is but folly's toy.

Art thou weary ? thou shalt rest :
  Owest thou ? pray and be forgiven :
Meekness shall on earth be blest :
  Purity survive in Heaven.

THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS.

WHILE on earth we walk by sight,
Straining ever towards the light,
Much is dark and much is bright.

Blinking mortal! how can I
Hope to read with dazzled eye
God's eternal mystery?

Let me reason:—let me store
Pile on pile of treasured lore;—
All that men have learn'd before.

Learning is but schoolman's lust:
Cloud of syllogistic dust!
God hath spoke: in Him I trust.

I will lay my learning by,
While I spell with childish eye
Simple words of purport high.

Words, with whose transcendent scope
Vainly strives my mind to cope:
Still my heart shall trust and hope.

I will read them,—for I can,—
And confess my Maker's plan:—
God's own Word was born as man:

Tempted in his outer plight:
Strengthen'd by his inner might:
Justified in angels' sight:

Preach'd to nations far and wide—
Man who sinless lived, and died,
Now in Heaven glorified.

Leader of our destiny!
So like Him we holy be,
We like Him shall glory see.

LIFE AND DEATH.

THEN AND NOW.

WHAT is life? so sweet, so bright,
All in lovely colours dight!
Present rapture, promised joy!
All is gold without alloy.

But a storm comes lowering o'er:
Soon the clouds their vengeance pour:
All the scene is overcast:
Death and darkness follow fast.

What is life then—but a flash,
Burning but to sink in ash?
Fruit that drops into decay?
Let us snatch it while we may.

So the Greek and Roman thought:
So the Pagan Master taught.
Christ would now our Master be:
Christian, what is life to thee?

Life is not a thing of time,
Changing with the scene or clime:
'Tis a spirit, born to-day,
That shall live and grow for aye.

Christ is life; who life imparts
Breathing Spirit in our hearts:
Christ is life: who on us pours
The Spirit of his God and ours.

Living in his Father's house,
Father both to Him and us:
One with God and one with man,
Quicken us He will and can.

Let us search, and we may find
Him within our heart and mind;
Quickening nature from above
Breeding faith and hope and love.

He within us, as a spark,
Warms us cold and lights us dark:
He in us, and in Him we,
Creatures of eternity.

What is life then—but to be
Now and ever, Christ, with Thee?
Death is gain: for so we move
Nearer to the life we love.

"VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS."

(Hymn attributed to King Robert of France.)

HOLY Spirit! come
From thy heavenly dome:
Visit my poor home,
Holy Spirit!

Come, thou poor man's friend:
With my spirit blend,
And my heart forefend:
Holy Spirit!

Comforter supreme!
Cheer a sinner's dream
With thy angel-theme:
Holy Spirit!

Life's undying zest!
Toil with thee is rest;
Grief with thee is blest,
Holy Spirit!

O eternal light!
From my inner sight
Chase the gloom of night:
Holy Spirit!

Nought of me is whole;
All is false and foul;
Save by thy controul,
Holy Spirit!

Come then to my heart:
Quench sin's fiery dart;
Wash the canker'd part:
Holy Spirit!

Moisten what is dried:
Weld its iron pride:
All its yearnings guide:
Holy Spirit!

So to that true race
Who shall seek God's face,
Give thy sevenfold grace;
Holy Spirit!

Give Christ's promises,
Not our due, but His;
Give eternal bliss;
Holy Spirit!

THE CAMPAIGN OF LIFE.

HRIST! our Rock in ages past,
Thou our Saviour to the last:
Thou, our Shepherd, great and good,
Feed us with thy heavenly food.

When we first are brought to Thee,
Soldiers of thy cross to be,
In our hearts thy Spirit sow,
Which with us may live and grow.

When we mix in worldly strife,
In the new campaign of life;
Lend us spirit for the fray,
Lest we swerve and fall away.

Have we 'scaped our early foes,
And begun to taste repose
At the table of thy love?
Still refresh us from above.

Should we prosper,—let not pride
Steal upon our weaker side:
Flesh, like grass, it withers soon;
Dried its flower, its glory gone.

Health and strength and friends are past:—
Thou art left—our first and last:
All our riches in thy breath;
This shall quicken us in death.

BAPTISM.

STANDING in the outer porch
What decent group is here?
Wrapt in robe of purest white
It is a child they bear.
Ring the bells merrily!
All should go cheerily,
This gift of Heaven while they bring
And dedicate to Heaven's King.

Close within the vestibule,
A servant of the Lord
Waits before the mystic font,
Prepared to do His word.
Open the temple-door:
This new inheritor
Of Heaven's glorious kingdom stands
To claim his birthright at my hands.

Who forbids the little child
To enter this fair place?
Suffer him to come: for such
Alone shall see God's face.
Ere the world entice him,
Bring him and prentice him
To learn the mystery of God,
And tread the path that Jesus trod.

In the name then of the Father,
Son and Holy Ghost,
We baptize him, and receive him
Into Heaven's host.
Nurse him and cover him:
Angels watch over him:
That he may thrive in grace, and grow
Himself to ratify our vow.

CONFIRMATION.

WE, who know our early vow
Of faith in Jesu's merit,
Come unshamed and seal it now,
And take his holy Spirit:
Which wafted from above
Without a noise,
We hear its voice;
For where it will
It bloweth still,
Inspiring truth and love.

We must all be born again,
God's kingdom to inherit;
Born in flesh erewhile to man,
Now born to God in spirit:
Which wafted from above
Without a noise,
We hear its voice;
And feel it near,
Though know not where,
Inspiring truth and love.

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

COME, eternal Spirit, come
From thy co-eternal home
In the Father and the Son,—
One in Three and Three in One.

Bring thy water pure and true,
Wash my heart and make it new;
E'en on earth that I may be
One with Christ by grace of Thee.

May I then, with fleeting breath,
Creature born in sin to death,
Dare to ask Thee uncreate
Here to tend my poor estate?

Yea: for Christ himself hath said,
"Ask—and I will give thee bread:"
Christ himself hath promised,—"knock,
And to thee I will unlock."

Christ, who lived in flesh as we,
Very man, but full of Thee,
Suffer'd and was crucified;
And for love of us He died.

But thy quickening Spirit's breath
Raised him from the deep of death:
Then albeit He went above,
Still He promised us his love.

Still He promised he would send
Thee our comforter and friend;
Thee the heavenly Paraclete,
Who should teach us all things meet.

Come then, Spirit, pure and true,
Wash my heart and make it new;
That for ever I may be
One with Christ by grace of Thee.

" It is expedient for you that I go away."—*John* xvi.

THE Lord in whom we trust,
The God of heaven and earth,
Came down and lived as man,
To give us second birth.
But now He's gone
To reign above
In peace and love;
And we are left alone.

Alone! it is not so:
For, though our Lord is gone,
He promised, ere he went,
To send his Spirit down;
With us to be
Our peace in strife,
In death our life,
To all eternity.

He will not us forget;
For He was tempted too,
And suffer'd agonies
As we poor creatures do.
So never fear
Though He's away;
For night and day
His Spirit hovers near.

Then send and light my soul
With wisdom from above,
O Christ, and fill my heart
With faith and hope and love.
So may I be
Re-born in grace
To see God's face,
And live in Heaven with Thee.

HOLY COMMUNION.

ARK! I hear the Lord's last call:—
"While with you on earth I am,
Come once more together all,
Let us eat the Paschal Lamb."

Then the bread he took, and brake:—
"In this bread my body see,
Which for you is given: take,
Eat in covenant with me."

So He took the cup, and said,—
"This my blood of offering see;
Blood for you and many shed:
Drink in memory of me."

Let us then at his command
Faithful to his table move;
There as bidden guests to stand
Side by side in holy love.

Sursum corda—up, our hearts!
Leaving sin below and death:
Jesus here new life imparts,
Breathing on us holy breath.

Here with all Heaven's company
Holy, Holy, Holy, sing:
Praise be to the Lord most High!
Glory to the Eternal King!

Thus around the throne of God,
Join'd in fellowship above,
May we feast on heavenly food—
His eternal truth and love.

HOLY MATRIMONY.

SCATTER, boys and girls, your sweetest
flowers:
Psalmist, breathe thy softest sym-
phonies:
For a man, to truth and nature loyal,
Leads his virgin forth in holy guise.

Give them way, ye thronging men and maidens,
Through God's house in decent rank to move:
Give them place to stand before Christ's table—
Board of social unity and love.

Hence be idle jests and wanton talking:
Hush! ye friends and kinsfolk, all give ear,
While they plight their troth in earnest accents;
For the God of Truth is there to hear.

Hark! the priest begins his benediction:
See! the plighted pair before him kneel:—
"God, who heard your vows, who joys in wedlock,
Pour his mercies for your common weal.

Though for you no hope of Sion's glory
Swell your hearts, as erst for David's race,
Yet the temple of his heavenly Spirit
Ye may help to build in love and peace.

Ye may hope to strike a spark of Heaven,
Which shall kindle to a holy flame:
Ye may hope to graft a living scion
On the seedling sprung from Abraham.

So may He—the Lord of all creation—
Bless you both and send you happy days:
Now from henceforth, his good grace preventing,
Join'd in one together, go your ways.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

EEP and wail, our friend is dead!
All his joys and hopes are o'er:
Down he goes into the grave;
There to praise his God no more!

Out of memory buried there,
Comfortless, his strength is gone!
Who shall help him, who shall hear?
God is great—and God alone.

Christ our type, our Lord, our head,
In his weakness died as man:
But the Spirit-power of God
Raised him into life again.

Shall we faint then if we too
In our weakness droop and die?
That same power shall quicken us
Planted in eternity.

Sown in us, the seed of Christ
  Waits to germinate afresh;
So we keep it here alive,
  Strong in faith, though weak in flesh.

Leave the dead then :—watch ourselves :
  Prove our living hearts each day :
If the seed be there alive,
  We shall not be cast away.

COMFORT.

SHOULD affliction visit thee,
Rebel not thou:
Whom God loveth chasteneth He,
So bear the blow:
And know, it is a father chides his son,
And means to train thee for his own.

Though it seem no joy to-day,
But grief instead,
Peace to-morrow shall allay
Thy troubled head:
Then stretch thy feeble hand and palsied knee,
And trust in peace thy God to see.

THE PENITENT.

WHEN the shade of darkness looms,
When abroad the felon roams,
Then my Self before me comes:
Woe is me!
Miserere, Domine.

Spectre of departed years!
Full of sorrow, full of fears:
Hardly can I hold from tears.
Woe is me!
Miserere, Domine.

Hateful monster! Shamed and low,
Wherefore am I troubled so?
From thy presence will I go.
Woe is me!
Miserere, Domine.

What I have been I disown:
All my former self is gone:
Leave me now to rest alone.
Woe is me!
Miserere, Domine.

None but I my self can scan:
Ah!—I feel another can;
He who knows what is in man.
Woe is me!
Miserere, Domine.

Man moves onward unconfined:
But his deeds remain behind,
Stamp'd on the Eternal Mind.
Woe is me!
Miserere, Domine.

There, in figures fresh and plain
What is done must still remain,
Ne'er to be undone again.
Woe is me!
Miserere, Domine.

Wretched me! if this be so,
I must drag a chain of woe,
Lengthen'd every step I go.
Woe is me!
Miserere, Domine.

Is there none this chain to break?
None to help for mercy's sake;
Ere the just Judge vengeance take?
Woe is me!
Miserere, Domine.

O could I redeem my own!
Quash the deed that erst was done:
Lure me back the word that's flown!
Woe is me!
Miserere, Domine.

But I've heard of One above,
Who himself on earth did move;
Who will succour us for love.
Succour me!
Miserere, Domine.

He will blot the past for me:
So I now repentant be;
So I live henceforth as He.
Happy me!
Christ, my hope is all in Thee.

Gentle Judge of all mankind,
Who alone canst loose and bind,
Loose this chain I drag behind.
Set me free:
For my trust is all in Thee.

Though my faults so great have been,
Wash me throughly from my sin;
Make my spirit new and clean.
Pardon me;
For my guilt I own to Thee.

Thou canst feel my secret pain;
Thou my grief wilt not disdain;
Give me then thy help again:
Comfort me;
For my joy is all in Thee.

Sacrifice I fain would bring;
But thou wouldest no such thing:
Yet my heart's free offering—
Praise and prayer—
Such Thou wilt vouchsafe to hear.

SABBATISMUS.

SAILOR—bound I know not where—
On the troubled sea of life,
All in darkness and despair,
Faint with sorrow, doubt and strife;
Still a gleam of hope I see,
Christ, that I shall rest in Thee.

Hark! a storm comes sweeping o'er:
Roars the tempest, fierce and strong:
Shivering on the deck I cower,
While the wild ship drives along:
Still a gleam of hope I see,
Christ, that I shall rest in Thee.

Spent—I sink—I see no more:
Welcome, quiet shades of night!
Nay:—the gleam I saw before
Dawns into a day of light:
Lo! a sunny calm I see:
Jesu, here I rest in Thee.

THE CHILD OF LIGHT.

ON to the end my way
Is trending fast:
O may the light of day
Not fail at last.
So will I steadily
Walk forward still;
While there is light in me
I fear no ill.

Lurking in darkness once
For shame I lay:
Now as a child of light
I court the day.
What if, in darkness lost,
The Lord forgive,
How shall I sin in light
And hope to live?

Man cannot pardon me,
  Whoe'er he be:
Powerless to judge himself,
  Can he judge me?
God alone searches hearts;
  He dives alone
Into that deep of deeps—
  A heart of stone.

Christ was a man as we,
  And knows our need:
He, a God, with a God
  Can intercede.
He is gone up on high,
  And there implores
His Father—our Father,
  His God and ours.

MORNING HYMN.

THE night is spent and gone :
The dawn is stealing on :
O thank the Lord, whose gracious Word
Calls up the morning ray !
The gleamy sunbeams rise
And gild the Eastern skies,
Awake, my heart, and bear thy part
In welcoming the day.

It is the God of Heaven
This goodly change has given :
So fresh, so bright—this earth, this light,
Who else could keep but He ?
I mark His grace and power
In every tree and flower :
O praise the Lord, whose mighty Word
Hath kept me too to see !

For I, foreclosed of light,
Surrender'd to the night,

All buried deep in deathlike sleep
Might well have lain for aye:
But God was waking there,
And guarding me with care;
For He, who gave what life I have,
Renews it every day.

If now, refresh'd and strong,
I move life's ways along,
My strength and health, my joy and wealth,
My all to Him I owe.
Then while the light spreads forth
For me this glorious earth,
For so much good in gratitude
What gift can I bestow?

A lowly thing of clay,
Before the God of day!
What can I bring for offering,
While all the world is His?
Yet may I praise the Lord,
And bless his gracious Word;
For praise and prayer He deigns to hear,
And takes for sacrifice.

So praise the mighty Lord,
And bless his gracious Word!

And may He pour his Spirit o'er
My path, to show the way:
For, guided by his light,
I will not fear the night;
But boldly tread, while He shall lead
To never-failing day.

EVENING HYMN.

AFTER PAUL GERHARDT.

THE light is fled and gone,
The busy day is done:
And stilly night to weary wight
Doth peace and quiet bring.
To Him then, when I may,
Who made the night and day,
And me doth keep in wake and sleep,
My praises will I sing.

Tune up, tune up, my voice,
And with my heart rejoice
In Him who stood by me for good,
Throughout this livelong day.
Each moment and each hour
He propp'd me with his power;
And when I quail'd and might have fail'd,
He pointed out the way.

As when by heath and rock
A shepherd tends his flock,
The lambs they play, and safely stray
Where'er he shows his face;
Then with him crop the hill,
Or wanton at the rill:
So me He led and kindly fed,
The Shepherd of our race.

He never me forgot:
Yet have I scrupled not
By walking in the ways of sin
My Father's will to scorn.
Ah! Father, in thy turn
Let not thine anger burn;
But as I rue my guilt, renew
Thy goodness every morn.

Lord, hear my prayer betimes,
And let my sins and crimes
Beneath the sea deep buried be,
And blotted from thine eyes.
Thy Spirit guard my bed,
And hover round my head;
That I may be asleep with Thee,
With Thee again to rise.

So down I lay me here,
Without a thought of fear,
Until the Morn with golden horn
Shall trumpet in the light.
For sheltered by thy wing
I need not dread a thing,
Though well I know our crafty foe
Is plotting day and night.

In silence and in talking,
In resting and in walking,
I, Lord, am thine, and Thou art mine;
That word is true indeed;
What I design or make,
Whether I sleep or wake,
So may thine arm forewarding harm
Prevent me in my need.

THE TEACHER.

WHO of you is wise and learned—
Let his teaching shew
That his temper is of heaven,
Not of earth below.

For if strife and bitter envy
Issue from his mouth,
Is it not himself he vaunteth,
Sporting with the truth?

Wisdom such as this, I tell you,
Came not down from Heaven:
But is earth-begotten, human,
Raised of devil's leaven.

For with party zeal and envy
Comes disorder too,
Troubling thought and stirring passions,
Such as peace ne'er knew.

But the wisdom that's of Heaven,
  Holy, pure and just,
Full of charity and mercy,
  Ends in peace and trust.

So, not splitting nice distinctions
  With dramatic art,
Let him sow good seed to ripen
  In a peaceful heart.

THE WORD.

PRAISE to God be ever heard !
God, the Father of our Lord,
Who hath called us by his Word,

To this lively expectation,
Planted by regeneration
So to grow unto salvation :

Chosen since the world began,
To rebuild the perfect man
After God's eternal plan :

Dead in flesh, reborn in spirit,
Raised by Christ's atoning merit
Heavenly nature to inherit.

Christ, who lived in flesh as man,
Died, and rose in flesh again :
So to make our rising plain.

This the prophets, spirit-led,
Strove to shadow forth, and shed
Living glory on the dead.

But to make such glory sure,
Which with Jesus may endure,
We must be as Jesus pure:

If with Him our joy would be
Perfect in eternity,
We must sorrow bear as He;

Who for us was crucified
With a thief on either side,
Guiltless suffer'd, sinless died.

Shall we dare then to complain
At our little grief and pain?
God would so our spirits train:

Lest the pleasant things of earth,
Health and strength and joy and mirth,
Should obstruct our better birth.

Wherefore brace your souls, and stand
Firm in hope at his command:
For his kingdom is at hand:

And the glory of his power
Shall not change from hour to hour,
Like the glory of a flower.

Flesh is grass: which grows anon
Buds and blooms; then passes soon
Drooping, withering, dried and gone.

But the Word abideth true,
Never fading, ever new:
And this Word is preach'd to you.

ENI, Sancte Spiritus !
Cujus igne cœlitùs
Mens illuminatur :
Spiritalis unctio !
Cui septemplex functio
Circum corda datur :

Nostra Tu solatia,
Plena vitæ gratia,
Cœlicos amores
Suscitas ; Tu lumine
Doces, atque numine
Dominare mores.

Ora nobis fœtida
Làuta fac et nitida
Ad salutis horam :
Sit procul periculum ;
Pax apud cubiculum :
Nil mali Te coram.

Fac sciamus æquè
Patrem, Filium, Teque
Ex his, Unum esse:
Ut per omne sæculum
Hoc juvet canticulum
Semper cecinisse :—

Laudetur sempiternus, æquè meritus
Cum Patre Filioque, Sanctus Spiritus.

A CHARGE.

GO, my son, be strong in grace;
Teach what thou thyself wast taught;
Heavenward firmly set thy face;
Spread the word with healing fraught.

Jesus, sprung of David's seed;
How He died and rose again:
This the substance of thy creed:
Build upon it straight and plain.

Strive not in litigious mood:
Chop not at the word of truth:
But, before God, like a good
Workman, cut it fair and smooth.

Empty words perplex the hearer,
Doing simple reason scath:
Barren logic, like a canker,
Eats into the core of faith.

Sure is God's foundation-stone:
He hath seal'd it with his seal.
" Christ the Lord, He knows his own:
To be his, depart from evil."

Youthful lusts and pleasures flee:
Follow justice, faith and love,
Peace with all who heartily
Call upon the Lord above.

Unwise questionings decline,
Seeing that they lead to strife:
Strife and quarrel be not thine:
Serve the Lord in gentle life.

Teach and bear; and mildly chide
Him that from the truth may roam.
Though to-day he wander wide,
Haply thou shalt lure him home.

Though by Satan snared he be,
Bound a slave to do his will,
Bear him, teach him: truth is free:
Truth may loose his bondage still.

"WE BLESS THEE FOR OUR CREATION."

HEN the Lord had peopled earth
With the myriad tribes that be,
Then he said, Let man have birth,
After our own likeness he.
O praise the Lord!
Whose mighty Word
On such a plan
Created man!

Mind to think, and heart to feel,
Sovereign will to rule the whole;
One in three, and three in one,
Blent to make "a living soul."
O praise the Lord,
Whose mighty Word
On such a plan
Created man!

First the will, a several will,
  Conscious of itself and free,
Sentient of good and ill,
  Rules his own estate—*to be.*
    O praise the Lord,
    Whose mighty Word
    On such a plan
    Created man!

Then the mind, thought-furnish'd, ever
  Reasons, judges, proves and plans,
Gathers truth at each endeavour;
  By the seen the unseen scans.
    O praise the Lord,
    Whose mighty Word
    On such a plan
    Created man.

Last the heart, divinely burning,
  Kindled at the fire above,
With a hope of Heaven yearning,
  Warms the soul to deeds of love.
    O praise the Lord,
    Whose mighty Word
    On such a plan
    Created man!

—Such he was in his first nature;
Than the angels little lower;
Crown'd on earth God's noblest creature;
All things subject to his power!
O praise the Lord,
Whose mighty Word
On such a plan
Created man!

But a change came o'er his state:
Free to live, he chose to die.
For his will, transcending fate,
Dared to guide his steps awry.
But praise the Lord,
Whose mighty Word
Should still redeem
His baffled scheme!

How perversely did he fare;
Cold his heart and false his head!
Self was all his living care,
Till he rotted with the dead!
O pray the Lord,
His mighty Word
May still redeem
His baffled scheme!

While he wander'd thus forlorn,
Death-doom'd, groping on the earth;
Lo, in man the Word was born,
Bringing him a second birth!
O praise the Lord,
Whose mighty Word
Could thus redeem
His baffled scheme!

Born of a pure virgin He,
Holy without spot of sin,
Paid by death our penalty,
Life again for us to win.
O praise the Lord,
Whose mighty Word
Could thus redeem
His baffled scheme!

So the gift that God had given
Is restored us by Christ's merit:
So our dead flesh lives again,
Quicken'd by his holy Spirit.
O praise the Lord,
Whose mighty Word
In mercy can
Restore his plan!

Marching then, in this new power,
By the way which Jesus trod,
May we rise to life once more,
In the likeness of our God.
O praise the Lord,
Whose mighty Word
On such a plan
Created man!

THE TWO SPIRITS.

WHEN I was young I burn'd
With carnal fire :
O how my spirit yearn'd
With vain desire !
Where is that spirit now,
As age creeps on ?
Say—is it dead ? or sleeps,
To wake anon ?

Would I awaken it ?
And join to-day
In the gay throng of life,
To sport and play ?
Nay : may it never more
Revisit me ;
Dead—or asleep—or where
Soe'er it be.

How then I fought with it,
In vain alone!
Till a hand aided me
To hold my own.
Now have I conquer'd it,
And bound amain,
Downcast, and powerless
To fight again.

Now am I free to walk
In fields of light:
Now am I free to talk
With angels bright.
O may that old spirit
Return no more;
Tempting my solitude,
Or idle hour!

Dead on earth, heavenward
I dare to speed:
Christ be my shelterer,
My rock in need:
Buried with Him in God
My life is hid;
With Him to rise again,
When He shall bid.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

THROUGH Samaria from afar
Journeying, they halted near
Sychar: Jacob's well was there.

Jesus weary with the way,
At the well alone he lay:
It was then about mid-day.

Comes a woman to the brink,
In the well her pail to sink:
"Give me some," says he, "to drink."

"How canst thou, a Jewish man,
Drink with a Samaritan?"
For betwixt them is a ban.

"If," said Jesus, "thou didst know
God's free gift of grace, and who
Asketh thee for water now,

Thou would'st ask of him instead:
He would give thee in thy need
Living water." "Sir!" she said,

"See! the well is deep, and thou
Nothing hast wherewith to draw:
Whence thy living water now?

Jacob here, our sire, as we,
Came with all his family:
How can'st thou do more than he?"

Jesus answering said—"A man
Drinking here shall thirst again:
I could quench his thirst amain.

For the water I can bring
Wells within him, gathering
Into life's eternal spring."

"Give me of thy water then;
That I may not thirst again,
Nor come here to draw, I ween."

Jesus tells her—"First, begone,
Call thy husband; come anon!"
The woman answered, "I have none."

" Rightly hast thou spoken this:
Five thou'st had; but he, I wis,
Whom thou hast, no husband is."

" Thou'rt a Prophet, Sir, I see:
Tell me then,—why worship we
On this mount, at Salem ye?'

" Woman, trust me, comes the day,
When nor on this mount to pray,
Nor at Salem ye'll assay.

Ye know not why ye pray here:
We know why we worship there;
For salvation thence is near.

But the day comes—and is now,
When true worshippers below,
Shall in truth and spirit bow.

Such the Father wants to hear:
God a spirit is: our prayer
Must his truth and spirit share."

Then the woman said, " I know
Christ, our Saviour, comes below:
He in that day all will shew."

Jesus answer'd—"I am he:
I—who this day speak with thee."
Then for Sychar parted she.

THE BLIND MAN.

A MAN who from his birth was blind
Stood where he pass'd. "Rabbi!" they ask,
"For whose offence was he born blind?
His, or his parents'? who has sinn'd?"

Then Jesus answer'd: "Not that he,
Nor yet his parents, sinn'd; but that
By him the work of God above
Might here be manifest in me.

Here sent me He who made the eye:
His work by daylight must I do.
The night it comes when none may work:
While in the world its light am I."

Thus speaking, on the ground he spat,
And with the spittle made a clay;
And spread this clay upon the eyes
Of the blind man, and spake thereat:—

" Go to the pool Siloam hight"
(Siloam signifies *the Sent*)
" And wash therein." The blind man went
And washed; and came back with his sight.

The neighbours then, and those who came
To see him who so long was blind,
Ask'd—" Is this he who sat and begg'd?"
They said—" He is the very same."

Said others—" He is like the man:"
The man himself said—" I am he!"
" How then," they ask him, " have thy eyes
Been open'd? tell us if you can."—

" A man call'd Jesus made a clay,
And spread it on my eyes, and said—
' Go to the pool Siloam hight
And wash therein:' so I obey,

And go and wash, and straightway see."
" Then where is that man now?" say they.
He says—" I know not." So they lead
Him to the Pharisees; though he

No more was blind. It happen'd now,
When Jesus made the clay and oped
His eyes, it was the Sabbath. Then
They and the Pharisees ask'd him,—how

He came to see? He said again—
"He laid the clay upon my eyes;
I went and wash'd and then I saw."
Some of the Pharisees said then:—

"This—that he breaks the Sabbath, tells
For certain he is not from God."
But others said;—"How should a man
Of sin perform such miracles?"

Amongst them this a question made:
So now the man they ask,—"Say thou,
What deem'st thou him who oped thy eyes?"
"He is a Prophet:" so he said.

The Jews would not believe he had
Been blind and come to sight, until
They call'd his parents, and of them
Enquired about him: "See this lad:

He is your son? how do you say,
Was he born blind? if this be so,
How is it then that he sees now?"
The parents answer'd in this way:—

"He is our son we know full well,
And was born blind: but how he sees
And who hath open'd now his eyes,
We do not know, and cannot tell.

He is of age: enquire of him:
He best about himself can state."
Thus spake they, for they fear'd the Jews;
Who threaten'd, in the Sanhedrim,

That man to excommunicate
Who should hold Jesus for the Christ.
Therefore they said—he is of age,
He best about himself can state.

Him then again they thus address:
Who had been blind:—" If this be so,
Give God the glory: for we know,
This man a sinner surely is."

The blind man answer'd:—" Let that be,
If he a sinner be or no,
I know not: this one thing I know—
That I was blind and now I see."

They ask again,—" What did he *do?*
How ope thy eyes?"—" I told you once:
You minded not: why hear again?
Would you too his disciples be?"

Then they revile him:—" Thou, we see,
Art his disciple. We have learnt
Of Moses; for with him we know
God spake. But this man—whence is he?"

Whereat the man forthwith replies:
" Why then a wondrous thing is this,
That ye should know not whence he is,
Who open'd thus a blind man's eyes!

Who ever heard in bygone years
Of one who made the blind to see?
By God's own grace it must be done:
And God the good not sinners hears."

Then they retorted:—" Thou wast born
In blindness for thy sins, and art
Thorough in sin: dost thou teach us?"
And so they drove him off in scorn.

When Jesus had heard this, straightway
He sought for him again; and ask'd—
" Believest thou in the Son of God?"
He said,—" Who is he? that I may."

Said Jesus: " Thou canst see him yet;
For he it is who speaks with thee."
He answer'd: " Lord! I do believe."
And then he worshipp'd at his feet.

LAZARUS.

ASTER! Lazarus is ill;
He whom thou dost love so well:
So his sisters send to tell."

" He is ill—yet not to die;"
Jesus answer'd, " but thereby
God his Son will glorify."

Then, albeit he did love so
Lazarus, and his sisters too,
Yet he hasten'd not to go.

But near Jordan still did stay
Two days more; then took the way:
For at Bethany he lay.

" Lazarus—he sleepeth now,
So to wake him will I go."
" Sleeps he?" say they; " then he'll do."

Jesus spake of death instead:
So more plainly now he said,
" Lazarus our friend is dead.

Let us go."—" Nay, Rabbi, stay:
For the Jews are sworn to-day,
And will stone thee by the way."

Jesus said: " The days are bright:
Man is safe who walks in light:
Trips but he who tempts the night.

Well for ye I was not there;
That ye now may see, and share
In his faith. But let us fare."

Then said Thomas, Didymus,
" Brethren! we go too: for thus
Be his death—the like to us."

Now when Jesus came, he found
Lazarus four days under ground;
And the neighbours gather'd round,

Martha and Mary to console.
Mary sat and pour'd her soul
Weeping, while the folks condole.

Martha ran to Jesus' side:
" Lord! hadst thou been here," she cried,
" Then my brother had not died.

But I know, that even now
God will grant whatever thou
Askest of Him:—this I know."

Jesus answer'd: " He shall rise."
Martha said—" To Paradise—
At the last rising-day, I wis."

" The rising-day, the life am I:
Who believes, albeit he die,
Liveth in eternity.

Life with faith is life for aye.
Thou!—believest thou what I say?"
Martha answer'd: " Master! yea:

I believe thou art the Word
That should come, as we have heard;
Christ the Son of God, our Lord."

Martha then returning, she
Whisper'd Mary secretly:—
" Here's the Lord! He calls for thee."

Mary rises quick, and goes
To the place that Martha shews,
Outside of the village-close.

Then the Jews, who mark'd her haste,
How she rose and hurried past,
Rose themselves and follow'd fast.

For they thought that she was gone
To the grave to weep alone.
Mary Jesus found anon.

Falling at his feet she cried—
" Lord ! hadst thou been at his side,
Then my brother had not died."

Jesus, when he saw her tears
And the weeping comforters
Mingling too their grief with hers,

Groan'd in spirit painfully :
Then he ask'd them—" Where is he ?"
They replied—" Come, Lord, and see."

Jesus wept. The Jews then said—
How he loved him ! Others weigh'd
Thus :—the blind to see who made,

Could not he this sick man save?
Jesus now was at the grave,
Where a stone lay o'er the cave.

Then again within his own
Spirit Jesus check'd a groan;
Saying—" Take away the stone."

Then said Martha—" Lord! forbear:
All too late thy pains now are:
Four days is he buried there."

" Martha!—said I not to thee—
Have but faith, and thou shalt see
God made glorious in me?"

So they push'd the stone aside:
There the man lay who had died.
Jesus then look'd up, and cried—

" Father! Thanks to Thee that Thou
Hear'st me always—hear'st me now.
When they see what Thou shalt do,

They will know I am from Thee."
Then he call'd most earnestly.
" Δεῦρο ἔξω, Λαζαρε!"

Then the dead man straight arose,
Bound about with burial-clothes,
From his forehead to his toes.

Jesus spake again:—"I know,
Father, Thou hast will'd it so.
Loose him now and let him go."

LOST AND WON.

MAN in God's own image made,
Trusted with his Maker's aid,
Yet in pride the trust betray'd:

For he dared to walk alone,
Deeming all his strength his own:
So his birthright was foregone.

—How should God's eternal plan
Wait upon a time-bound man;
Self-endow'd but for a span?—

Man is bound, but God is free.
In the present He can see
All that was, and all to be:

Gazing on the future man;
As a sculptor, who would scan
In the block his perfect plan.

And the hand that made could mend:
So He pleased his Word to send
As a brother and a friend:

Who with counsels sweet and sage
Should recall the froward age
To its forfeit heritage.

He of force nor fraud had need:
Simple as a child in deed;
Loth to break the bruised reed.

God the king is come, he cried:
Hear! ye worldlings: lay aside
Strife and envy, hate and pride.

Why in riches glory ye?
In God's kingdom rich to be,
Give up all, and follow me.

Come! ye weary: come! ye poor:
God has pleasant things in store:
Enter me; I am the door.

Thirsty—hungry: come! he said;
I am water, I am bread:
Drink of me, of me be fed.

Come! who sin's sad load endure:
I am holy, I am pure:
Rest in me, and rest secure.

I am he so long foretold—
Israel's shepherd typed of old:
Come in faith within my fold.

Lo! the son of man I am:*
I—the seed of Abraham.
I—the very Paschal Lamb:

I—the Prophet of whom spake
Moses: I—the brazen snake
Lifted up for sinners' sake.

So to ransom man must I
On the cross be raised, and die.
Such is God's great mystery!

But He will not leave me there,
With the buried death to share:
I shall breathe again in air.

Then, the son of God, shall I
Go in glory up on high;
To fulfil man's destiny.

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* That is, the seed of the woman, that should bruise the serpent's head. Genesis iii. 15.

Honour'd as the Father's son,
I will send His Spirit down
Of Himself an arrabon:

Comfort for the aching breast:
Foretaste of the promised rest
In the mansions of the blest.

THE RESURRECTION.

DISMAL was that Sabbath-day,
While the Hope of Israel lay
Buried like a thing of clay!

Friends and followers hid or fled,
In despair that he was dead;
Not yet kenning what they read.

On the morrow ere 'twas light
Came the women, who for fright
Sat far off, and watch'd that night:

While they laid him in the grave
Which the rich man Joseph gave,
Rolling a stone against the cave.

They had gone and spices bought,
To embalm him, as they thought:
Then had rested, as was taught.

Now when they beheld the stone
Roll'd away and Jesus gone,
Mary Magdalen anon

Ran to Peter, and that other
Whom the Lord loved like a brother,—
Him to whom he left his mother:

Come! she cried: oh come, I pray;
They have taken the Lord away:
Where he's laid I cannot say.

John ran first; and stooping peep'd
Toward the grave: in Peter leapt:
Mary stood aloof and wept.

One came near her, whom she thought
The gardener. Sobbing, all distraught,
"Where have they laid him?" she besought.

In a tone of comfort he
Gently utter'd—"Mary!" She
Turning, answer'd—"Rabboni?"

Then she worshipp'd at his feet.
"Touch me not," he said, "for yet
Must the touch be not complete.

"When I am gone up on high,
Should'st thou draw in spirit nigh—
Then the touch is unity.

"To my brethren go and say—
Though I seem to be away,
I am with you day by day:

"In my Father's house secure,
God and Father, mine and your,
Dwelling with you ever more."

THE CHURCH.

JESUS, risen from the dead,
On his chosen breathed, and said—
Take this Spirit, spread it wide
Through the earth on every side.

As my Father hath sent me,
Send I you, my sons to be:
So remit and so restrain
Sin, till I come back again.

Straight, their hearts with burning truth
Kindled from his holy mouth,
Preach'd, or written, in their word
Lived the Spirit of our Lord.

But these holy men are gone:
Does that Spirit still live on?
Still it lives, and burns as then,
In the hearts of Christian men.

Passing down from sire to son,
Spreading by communion,
Like a fire, it smoulders here,
Here it blazes warm and clear.

In the mother, whose first care
Trains her little child to prayer:
In the child, who earlier taught
Lends his friend a holy thought.

Thus the Church is daily fed;
Thus her children heavenward led:
While good wardens keep the door
Where is laid her hallow'd store.

Pastors, still ordain'd as erst,
Minister for such as thirst;
Pointing where the well springs clear,
Gathering all from far and near.

These good shepherds, as of old,
Press us still within the fold;
Where no wolf shall dare to come—
Christ—our rock, our rest, our home.

"DIES IRÆ."

DAY of Judgement! day of wrath!
When the world shall melt like froth,
If that David spake in troth:

Oh! to think what fear and trembling,
While the Judges are assembling,
Who shall see through all dissembling!

Hark! a trump of awful sound
Wakes the sepulchres around:
All the dead arise in stound.

Death and Nature stand aghast!
Till a Voice proclaims at last—
Come and answer for the past.

Written in the book is read
All the lives of all the dead:
All that each or did or said.

Then before the Judge's throne
Every secret shall be shown:
Every sinner must atone.

What shall wretched I then say?
How shall I be safe that day,
When the righteous hardly may?

Fount of goodness! King of power!
Who thy bounties free dost shower;
Save me, save me in that hour.

O remember, Jesu dear,
Thou for me the cross didst bear:
Wouldst thou leave me now to fear?

Weary thou for me didst sit:
By thy death didst mine remit:
Mercy thee must needs befit.

But a Judge thou just must be:—
Give me then my pardon free,
Ere my sins be laid on me.

Guilty me—my groan betrays:
Guilty—speaks my shame-red face:
Grant, O grant me then thy grace.

Thou who Mary's sin didst heal,
Nor the dying thief repel,
Thou hast lent me hope as well.

All unworthy though I be,
Thou art good, and wouldst not me
Leave to burn eternally.

Sheep from goats in that new land
When thou partest, let me stand
With the sheep on thy right hand.

When I hear the stern decree—
Hence! ye curst, for ever flee!
Call me, Christ, to stay with thee.

Kneeling, crouching, I adore thee:
Supplicating I implore thee:
Help me when I stand before thee.

OUR ROCK.

ROCK of Sinai! in whose bay
Israel's chosen prophet lay,
Crouching from the blaze of light
While Jehovah pass'd in sight:
Trembling thus I crouch to Thee,
Christ! my mediator be.

Rock of Kadish! from whose side
Burst of yore the living tide,
Where the thirsty people lay,
Dying in the sweltry day:
Thirsting, fainting, thus I cry,
Water, Jesus! or I die.

Rock on which thy Church is built,
Shelter from the blast of guilt;
Founded by thy saving word,
Refuge from the avenger's sword:
Guilty let me thither flee,
Christ! I have no hope but Thee.

Sinai—Kadish—holy places,
Were but types of thy full graces:
Thou, our Rock in ages past,
Thou our strength art to the last:
Trembling, fainting, still we cry—
Help us, Jesus, or we die.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

AFTER PAUL GERHARDT.

SHALL not I God's praises sing?
Shall not I thank-offerings bring?
When in every thing I see
Something good He brings for me?
For it is for love alone,
That the Same who gave us birth
Lends us too this pleasant earth,
For a season as our own.
Every creature has its day:
God—He lives and loves for aye.

As a bird its feathers spreads
O'er its nestlings' tender heads,
So doth me the Father's arm
Now and ever screen from harm:
In my mother's womb before
When He first my being gave;
In the life which now I have
To redeem this passing hour.
Every creature has its day:
God—He lives and loves for aye.

Dear as was his only Son,
Yet it was for love alone—
That He did not spare to give
Him to death, that we might live.
O eternal mystery!
How can my poor feeble sight,
Straining in the realms of light,
Follow his all-seeing eye?
Every creature has its day:
God—He lives and loves for aye.

Holy as his Spirit is,
Yet for love He gives us this:
We may find it in his Word:
There is our Deliverer's sword.
Let me gird it on in faith:
Let me drink his quickening breath:
Pass I must the bars of death,
Marching up for Heaven's gate.
Every creature has its day:
God—He lives and loves for aye.

Earth and air, and all therein,
Seem for man's provision given;
Wheresoe'er he looks around,
All—his proper hunting-ground:

Beast—bird—fish—corn—herb and flower,
Denizens of earth—air—sea,
O'er the hills and on the lea—
All surrender'd to his power.
But each creature has its day
God is giving still for aye.

Sleep I?—He is watching by me,
To restore and vivify me:
That in every lovely morning
I may see his love returning.
Had not God been with me then,
Had not He been there to keep
Sense alive through deathlike sleep;
How could I have woke again?
Every creature has its day:
God—He lives and loves for aye.

When the fiends of darkness lower,
When the blasts of hell sweep o'er,
His bright Spirit hovers near,
Hoisting hope and chasing fear.
O how oft in my short day
Pains and sorrows have beset me,
Thwarting winds and storms have met me,
Which his breath has blown away.
Every creature has its day:
God—he lives and loves for aye.

Though my cross may sorely grieve me,
Yet the hope will not deceive me
Which I cherish in his Word—
At the last to see my Lord.
This brief time of trial o'er,
Like the never-failing sun
He will rise above the gloom,
Bringing light for evermore:
Then in everlasting day
We shall live and love for aye.

" Then spake Solomon—The Lord said that he would dwell in the thick darkness."

MIDNIGHT! all is blank around:
Not a thing of sight or sound:
Life itself surprised and bound!

Creature I, of earthborn race,
Quite shut out from time and place—
Denizen of age and space!

What is here to hold me now?
Wherefore should I stay below,
With my spirit yearning so?

I will leave my flesh behind:
—If I can my Maker find
Mounting on the wings of mind.

I would see Him face to face;
All his glorious figure trace,
Standing near his holy place!

Upward—upward now I rise,
Through forbidden depth of skies,
Past the ken of mortal eyes.

He must needs dwell hereabout:
But—I faint: in fear and doubt,
Straining still to find Him out.

From an empyréan haze
Comes a voice!—"In vain to gaze:
Back to earth, and mark his ways.

All that thou canst know is stored
In his works and in his word.
Study there and seek the Lord."

THE CONVERSION OF THE NATIONS.

H ! how dreary was life's way,
While man's godlike spirit lay
Darkling in his house of clay !
Till in the East a Star
Rose from its crystal bed,
Thorough the gloom to shed
Light from afar.

Thankless for his daily food !
Dead to sense of right and good !
Living but for lust and blood !
Till from that Star shot forth
Bright beams of charity,
Goodness and purity,
Over the earth.

Now be holy : now be pure :
He that stole, steal now no more :
Love, and hate not : God adore.

For his Love burneth bright:
Sleeper, unlock thine eyes!
Thou that wast dead, arise!
Christ is thy Light.

Righteousness is now reveal'd:
Sin no more shall be conceal'd:
Satan's condemnation seal'd.
For the Truth shineth bright:
Darkness is driven down;
Christ on us sheds his own
Spirit of Light.

THE END.

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